

ONTOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS 3



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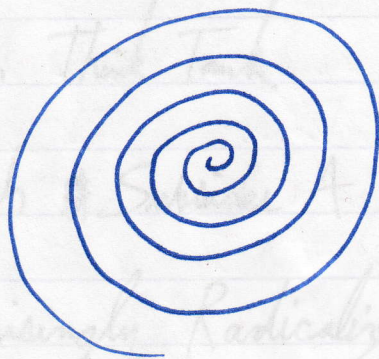
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OCTOBER 2010

A Philosophical Diary by Michael William Hentrich

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I love the way a gort (sucker) will try to use guilt tactics to attempt to harass. They fail to recognize that I don't share their values!

I am beyond caring about what the preachers, teachers, police, and therapists have to say about me.

Long time finished taking suckers seriously when they presume to instruct me on "morals". Hah!

Imagine - he is just the tip of the iceberg of those who "don't take kindly to my collecting social security and receiving rent assistance". It bothers them to witness me purchase \$100 worth of groceries.

Maybe this ought to feel like sweet revenge - to witness the jealousy and hatred of me just for being me.

People are so brainwashed to be enslaved that they demonize the one who finds a way to ditch the harness.

Knowing people hate me for being white and collecting social security makes me relish being free. NOT TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT that much more.

Σ ? Σ

From "Ontological Speculations Book Two":

"I suspect at times I am not so much a writer so much as I am being written. I am not creating fiction, I but recording reality."

I did not ask to be judged so harshly. In fact, I have an intense phobia about the color of my skin. To get hassled like that, by a Christian (out-sucker) preacher, of course, just gets my blood boiling.

And going through what I'm going through I eat eggs & grips and take my revenge. 'Tis sweet!

I am being written. Shall I be a the good guy or the bad guy?

I am heretic, atheist, blasphemer, layabout, bookworm, intellectual, alcoholic, confessed masturbator, ~~confess~~ openly suicidal and even cult-like promoter of mass-extinction of life.

10/10

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[Wacquant: The new government of poverty invented by the United States to enforce the normalization of social insecurity thus gives a whole new meaning to the notion of "poor relief": punitive containment offers relief not to the poor but from the poor, by forcibly "disappearing" the most disruptive of them, from the shrinking welfare rolls on the one hand and into the swelling dungeons of the carceral castle on the other.]

{ ? }

David Harvey: The neoliberal state will resort to coercive legislation and policing tactics (anti-picketing rules, for instance) to disperse or repress collective forms of opposition to corporate power. Forms of surveillance and policing multiply: in the U.S., incarceration became a key state strategy to deal with problems arising among the discarded workers and marginalized populations. The coercive arm of the state is augmented to protect corporate interests, and, ~~if not~~

if necessary, to repress dissent.
Now if this seems consistent with
neoliberal theory.]

Harvey lists as the main targets of state repression radical Islam and China on the foreign front and "dissident internal movements" such as the Branch Davidians at Waco, the participants of the ~~Los Angeles~~ Los Angeles riots of April 1992, (triggered by the acquittal of the policemen involved in the videotaped beating of motorist Rodney King), and the antiglobalization activists that rocked the G-8 meeting in Seattle, 1997. But squashing episodic and feeble mobilizations against corporate power and state injustice hardly requires throwing millions behind bars.

[Neoliberalism is a transnational political project aiming to remake the nexus of market, state, and citizenship from above. This project is carried by a new global ruling class in the making, composed of the heads and

senior executives of transnational firms, high ranking politicians, state managers and top officials of multinational organizations (the OECD, WTO, IMF, World Bank, and the European Union) and 'cultural-technical experts in their employ' (chief among them economists, lawyers, and communications professionals with germane training and mental categories in the different countries).]

{ P }

Lois Wacquant Notes

centaur state → liberal at the top and paternalistic at the bottom, which presents radically different faces at the two ends of the social hierarchy: a comely and caring visage toward the middle and upper classes, and a frowning, and a frowning mug toward the lower class.]

P2
[The US penitentiary has once again captured the imagination of policy makers in Western Europe who wished to learn from it how to stem the brewing disorders associated with the massing of the emerging proletariat in and around the industrializing cities.]

Return to Schopenhauer's World As Will & Representation,
Volume Two.

One must be a sage to recognize a sage.
Xenophanes

In the chapter, Objective View of the Intellect, Schopenhauer is right in on current cognitive science quandaries — as to the idea of a so-called soul. Why is the soul necessary to explain or describe reality?

(or describe)
Rather than obsessing over my frustrated desires I will celebrate having returned to WWR2 10-10-16

{ ? }

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[The mere presence of intellectual greatness invites hostility in many who have to "engage" with the individual possessed with natural developed intellectual abilities.

It takes patience to endure a genius. Just her glance shames us, for in her mind's eye, she sees through the self-generated personas of everyone she encounters.]

{ ? }

[It is poetic that I am attempting to harness my mental powers by evacuating apartment I in Asbury Park to slither into the woods of Old Freehold - where I attempt to get back to, not racing through WVR2, but forging ahead gently and at a natural pace, intermingled with staying alive.

The point is to be in that deeply Schopenhauerian state of mind by meditating on subtle details of the text. There is a point where the wonder of Will and Representation will open a mysterious event taking place here and now.

Σ ? Σ

[It appears railroad tracks in Freehold are
officially off limits to me as I was cited
for "being where I wasn't supposed
to be" drinking & water, reading
perhaps drinking crack for all I they know.
They don't want me prowling the
tracks of Freehold. The County State hath
spoken. I am living in the carceral web.
~~perhaps~~

The Freehold Boro cop was cool with me;
I showed him both driver's license and library card -
he seemed surprised, I had a driver's license.
The Asbury Park library card verified my residency
there; he generally told me I
was free to wait at bus stop and
read - or sit on bench in town!

No. I'll sit on curb in the sunshine waiting for
a bus back to nowhere.

Will I be harassed for my Ritualistic
seances in the Beltaine woods?
[Now I wonder if making arrest just for
poking Beltaine is worth coming to Freehold
for. I'll do without trees for awhile.
Of course, I am broke. No trees. It eats tobacco.

I used to consider myself a Schopenhauer Disciple,
but as I make my way through WWR2,
page by page, for only the second
time over the 19 years I've had
it in my possession, I realize that I
am merely fascinated with how his mind
saw the world, and that I do not
agree with all his views. I don't have
to agree with everything any of my
mentors thinks or does.

What a relief! I can read Heidegger without being a Nazi.
Also, I can't prevent that hidden part of
myself, my heart, from crying out
to any invisible intelligence that
may or may not exist. Sometimes
I feel I have become overwhelmed
so I slow down. ~~He is~~

{ ? }

A practical example of this "slowing down
process" is to sit outside the library
collecting my thoughts, organizing what I wish
to do during my 60 minute
session at the library. I understand I
may be distracted.

What a great discovery, this Lin Yutang! In "Confessions of a Non-Conformist," he states that the first freedom man needs is freedom from humbug!

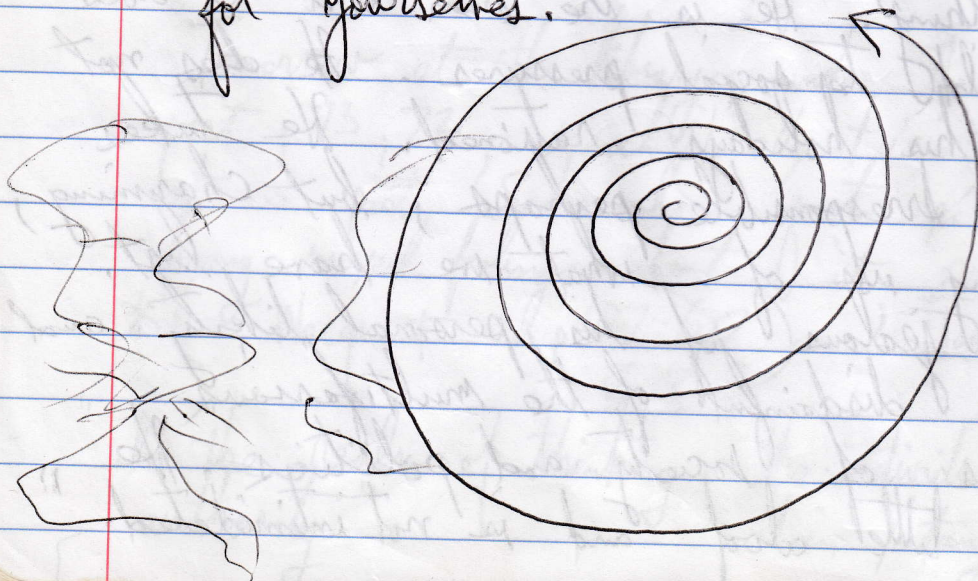
He also chooses the "scamp" as the ideal. The scamp is a literary symbol of a man who refuses to submit to the external pressures of society.

"We who put on dog collars, and neckties and go with the regimented herd to an office every day cannot help envying a man who wears an old broad-brimmed hat and open shirt, who dares to walk in the sun in the good hours of the morning doing nothing. He is the man who does not yield to social pressures. He does not have his holidays rationed. He takes them. Irresponsible perhaps, but charming, reminding us of what we have lost. He is jealous of his personal liberty and a little disdainful of the multifarious activities of society and politics. He stands a little aloof and is not intimidated."

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"Something of man has been lost. We are all properly subdued. Do not talk to me of initiative, pluck, and spirit of adventure when a college graduate applying for a job asks, 'What are the terms for retirement pensions?' The dissenter, the man who refuses to conform, is still the man for me."

Σ ? Σ
The Weltschmerz Effect

We explore our weariness and anxiety about the state of the world and our place in it. How to describe this website? I don't know. Why bother trying to describe it? Take a look and see for yourselves.



Tyranny of Public Opinion?

I am a stranger in this world. Even among the outcasts, I am an outcast.

"Anyone who does not conform is condemned to an economic impotence which is prolonged in the intellectual powerlessness of the eccentric loner. Disconnected from the mainstream, he is easily convicted of inadequacy."

~ Horkheimer & Adorno

I found the section in Dialectic of Enlightenment which I remember had such a strong impact on me. I will take some notes. Tomorrow I may be able to find a reference to it on the Internet somewhere. I will do a focal search for Horkheimer to see if the topic already exists on my website. If not, I will start a thread called "Mass Deception" or even "Mass Hypnosis". The masses are hypnotized, practicing the religion of "success". Evidently, what I myself am suffering is due to my mental independence and my refusal to "play the games" people play ("networking"). I don't kiss ass. I don't brown-nose. I pay the price: ostracization, marginalization, loneliness.

"Anyone who goes hungry and suffers from cold, especially if he once had good prospects, is a marked man. He is an outsider, and - with the occasional exception of the capital crime - to be an outsider is the gravest guilt. In films such a person is, at best, an eccentric, an object of maliciously indulgent humor, but mostly he is a villain and is identified as such on his very first appearance, long before the action requires it, to forestall even the momentary misapprehension that society turns against those of good will."

"Under liberalism the poor were regarded as lazy; today they are automatically suspect. Anyone who is not provided for outside the concentration camp belongs inside it, or at any rate in the hell of the most demeaning labor and the shums."

In our day and age, those who go on disability and receive government assistance, are usually coerced into "day programs" where they are shuffled like cattle or concentration camp victims.

{ ? }

Another quote from Enlightenment as Reception:

"The most intimate reactions of human beings have become so entirely reified, even to themselves, that the idea of anything peculiar to them survives only in extreme abstraction: personality means hardly ~~any~~ more than dazzling white teeth and freedom from body odor and emotions. That is the triumph of advertizing in the culture industry: the compulsive imitation by consumers of cultural commodities which, at the same time, they recognize as false."

I am actually very thankful to have been blessed with intense emotions and sensitivity.

Being "emotional" is taboo in our society, hence the robot-like leaders we elect.

"Regular imprisonment presupposes a rising need for labor power."

Well, by returning Diabets of Enlightenment tomorrow I think I'll focus on WW2 while still "free".

Typing of Public Opinion?

{ ? }

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{ ? }

Cold, damp night, mid-October, no heat in the apartment yet. Slumlord. That's all I can say. Why are these apartment leases like prison sentences to be endured? I know I want OUT of this Asbury Park area. The misery is too thick. Would Red Bank be better or worse? Oh my god. What a nightmare world!

Don't Come Back, Mike!

Ellis's book is a black-hearted satire on the terrible power of money. It is a reflection of and examination of the mindless preoccupations of the money's preppy generation. It gives me the creeps; but then again, so does our society.

I eat a piece of bread with peanut butter to give me some warmth. Staying sane in this culture-of-make-believe is difficult. Maybe crying tears actually promotes sanity. At least it gives me the dignity of my authentic emotional response to my experiences.

Ask Comedy?

Fuck it. I can't seem to enjoy reading novels anymore. Fiction is not really my thing, unless it is something like A Confederacy of Dunces (Toole) or A Fraction of the Whole (Toltz). I think I'll be focusing on Cioran and Schopenhauer for awhile.

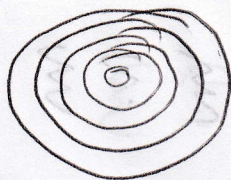
For the Nth time I reread The Trouble With Being Born, perhaps my favorite book of all. Why do so few people know of Cioran? Cioran finds Nietzsche too naïve.

Could it be time?

"Look neither ahead nor behind, look into yourself, with neither fear nor regret. No one descends into himself so long as he remains a slave of the past or of the future."

"'Do I look like someone who has something to do here on earth?' — That's what I'd like to answer the busybodies who inquire into my activities." (Good one, Cioran.)

Sitting up late with scully on head, feeling oppressed.



15 October 2010 Fri

"Warum willst du dich von uns Allen
Und unserer Meinung entfernen?" —
Ich schreibe nicht euch zu gefallen,
Ihr sollt was lernen.

Goethe

("Why wilt thou withdraw from us all
And from our way of thinking?" —
I do not write for your pleasure,
You shall learn something.)

{ ? }

The interview with Derrick Jensen scheduled for Democracy Now
this morning was cancelled due to the death of
German Hermann Sheer last night. They are
airing an interview with him that took place
two weeks ago.

After a bout of insomnia, I finally swallowed
75 mg of an Antihistamine to knock myself out.
During that sleepless period I realized that I am
not really into reading fiction, novels, and the like.
I prefer philosophy. ANTI-FICTION... authors
such as Schopenhauer, Cioran, and even Benjamin Leeck Morf

There are two worlds: who we are in our own
Being and who we are as judged by our
contemporaries. In the United States of America
there is no difference between a person
and that person's economic fate. Nobody is
anything other than his/her income, his/her
job, his/her prospects. All are worth as
much as they earn, and earn as much as
they are worth. The people know
themselves as nothing other than the
ups and downs of their economic life.

People judge their own selves by their market
value and find out who they are from how they
fare in the capitalist economy.

Their fate, however sad it may be, is
for them something external.
"I am a failure," says the American —
and that is that.

(Horkheimer/Adorno
1947)

This commentary belongs in the "Tyranny of Public
Opinion" thread.

In "The Transformation of the Idea into Power",
Horkheimer and Adorno note that familiar tendencies
from recent times are sometimes found prefigured
in ancient, exotic history, where distance
lends them heightened clarity.

Paul Deussen argues that in that work (of Indian
thought) known as the Isa-Upanishad, Indian thought
took a step beyond what had gone before in
the same way as Jesus in the Gospel according
to St. Matthew went beyond St. John the Baptist,
and the stoics beyond the Cynics.

Horkheimer and Adorno argue that this
observation is historically one-sided because
the uncompromising ideas of John the Baptist and
of the Cynics.

Vedantism, Stoicism, and Christianity took the
step which made them capable of organization
when they began to participate in social
reality and to construct unified theoretical
systems. Christianity reached this point only with
"St. Paul". The idea which distances itself
from the existing order turns into religion.

Those who refused to compromise were
censured. They stood aloof from the desire

for children, the desire for wealth, the desire for the world, and wandered about as beggars. For the desire for children is a desire for property, and the desire for property is a worldly desire; and both alike are vain." →

Those who express such views may speak the truth according to the upholders of civilization, but they do not keep step with the course of social life. They therefore became madmen, and did indeed resemble John the Baptist.

He "was clothed with camel's hair, and had a girdle of skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey."
[MARK I: 6]

Hegel: "The cynics have little philosophical training and never managed to produce a system, a science. Only later was their system made a philosophical discipline, by the Stoics." 97 (1)
Hegel called these successors "Swinish, shameless beggars." X 2.
X 3.
4.
5.
6.
7.

→ The outsiders (Antisthenes (cynic), John the Baptist, the more radical Upanishads) were unstructured, without a center, and differed from the so-called successful systems by a streak of anarchy.

The idea and the individual mean more to them than "administration" and "the collective". They therefore provoke anger.

Asceticism as a refusal to participate in the bad existing order coincides, in face of oppression, with the material demands of the masses, just as, conversely, asceticism as an agent of discipline, aims at adaptation to injustice. (Horkheimer & Adorno (1947))

Σ ? ∑

- 97 (1) Search locally at 1515 for Schopenhauer & Cynics (95-97)
- X 2. 500 New Tempts: 79, 87 NEVERMIND!
- X 3. emotional algebra: 80 NEVERMIND!
4. Tyranny of Public Opinion: 83, 84, 86
5. (p76)? ; change for the better (87)
6. Nihilism: p70
7. Wacquant: 57-59 8. p. 88 9. p. 89 10. p. 90, 91

{ ? }

99

Putting together "journals" to be stored at my mothers, I will note that the earliest journal in my possession (not including some rarities) as far as consecutive ones go is H-120 (Madness Theory: Book 2)

In MY TRUTH: Book 4 (December 2009) on p. 53 I list the journals I passed off to my nephew:
17 TOTAL: 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119. I consider these lost along with Secret Papers 4, 5 & H-81 (from HBCORE)

The journals which I will store at my mothers in case of unexpected, correctional disasters of Oct 22: H-120, H-121, H-122, H-123, H-124, H-125, [6]

There are some loose ones as well:

H-82 (Spring 2004, Flame Motel)

H-86 (Spring 2005, Matawan)

H-2 (Autumn 1987)

H-70 (Feb 2002)

H-74 (Summer 2003)

H-108 (Jan 2008)

H-91 (Oct 2005 to Feb 2006)

H-97 (Nov 2006 - JAN 2007)

H-98 (Jan - April 2007) [9]

{15}

The Secret Papers: Book 1 (Nov/Dec 2008)

The Secret Papers: Book 2 (also H-96 poems. + Dec 2008)

* The Secret Papers: Book 3 (Jan. 2009 ... NDE!)

(lost Book 4 and 5 at Shoreline, WA) also 81?

Prelude to The Idiot Papers (little pdbook: 2007. March 2009)

The Idiot Papers, (March 2009 ... Federal Way, WA)

The Idiot Papers: Book 2 (March - July 2009)

[6]

Σ 213

My Truth: Book 1 Summer 2009

My Truth: Book 2 Sept/Oct 2009

My Truth: Book 3 Oct/Nov 2009

My Truth: Book 4 December 2009

My Truth: Book 5 Winter 2010

Winds of Change: Book 1 March, April 2010

Winds of Change: Book 2 April, May, June, August 2010

Winds of Change: Book 3 August 2010

~~There are~~ [8] Σ 293

There are also several loose packs from MCCI
total > 500 pages (MAY, JUNE, JULY) 2010

I will keep Ontological Speculations, Books 1, 2, & 3 and
LEAVE THEM IN MOM'S CAR ON 10/22.

Σ ? Σ

"True creative power isolates one and demands something that has to be subtracted from the enjoyment of life." ~ Hermann Hesse

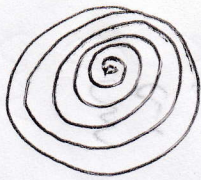
"One method people use to find out who they are becoming, before others do, is to keep a journal, where they log what attracts their attention, along with some commentary. In this way, you get to listen to yourself instead of listening only to others." - John Taylor Gatto

Note: Hegel was sold to America largely by William Towner Harris, who made Hegelianism his lifelong project. The psychological tool was alienation.

The trick was to alienate us from ourselves, so that we couldn't turn inside for strength! This is the essence of "scientific management".

"Do nothing. Time is too precious to waste."
~ Buddha

Someone once told me that checking out my website was like entering an alternate universe.
How about that?



16 October 2010 Sat.

More time proved Hegelianism as a system bankrupt. One response to the collapse of philosophical systems building in the nineteenth century was the rise of ideologies - aggressively anti-philosophical systems of thought: Marx, Freud, and pioneers in anthropology, sociology, and linguistics.

Another response to the collapse was a new kind of philosophizing: personal (even autobiographical), aphoristic, anti-systematic: Wittgenstein, Nietzsche, Cioran. (Sontag 1968)

The starting point for post-philosophic philosophy is the awareness that the traditional forms of philosophical discourse have been broken.

What remains are notes and "jottings".

{ ? }

"When I find myself at odds with my sister over her sanctimonious idiocy, I merely have to reflect upon passage # 15 of Nietzsche's The Anti-Christ.

"In Christianity neither morality nor religion has even a

single point of contact with reality. Nothing but
 imaginary causes ("God," "soul," "ego,"
 "spirit," "free will"), nothing but imaginary
 effects ("sin," "redemption," "grace,"
 "punishment," "forgiveness of sins").

"Once the concept of 'nature' had been invented
 as the opposite of 'God,' 'natural' had to
 become a synonym of 'reprehensible'.
 this whole world of fiction is rooted
 in hatred of the natural (of reality!);
 it is the expression of a profound
 vexation at the sight of reality."

This explains everything. Well, if not everything,
 it explains an awful lot. There is no need for
 me to get upset about my sister's opinions
 or "judgments". She is hostile to reality -
 with all those "oughts" and "thou shalt".
 Fuck "thou shalt"!

Today ... and most likely until I go to court 10/22,
 I will be re-reading of Camygotin's We ...
 along with WWR2 (Schopenhauer) of course.
 I'll also go through my own last 3 diaries.

{ ? }

"The most serious and most interesting novels I never wrote. They happened to me in my life." ~ Gammatin

"Teach men to laugh at the stupid and the angry lest we fall prey to the weakness of hating them." ~ Anatole France



17 October 2010 Sun

Marcia saw me walking yesterday. She got herself in my apartment by telling me she had a place to live, I but was hungry. I fed her Kibbles, I buttered noodles, then she began to try to dominate me, trying to take over my apartment.

What the fuck is it about her? Why does she target me? She says I am her "friend". She just wants to take over my residence!

Four more months and I will be able to move somewhere else. By January I will inform section 8 and landlord that I am looking to MOVE ON.

Are all human beings wretched, whether wealthy or poor? I have no faith in humanity. Everything is so pointless. The realizations I'm experiencing are beyond words and concepts. Incommunicable thoughts! I need not be "likeable". Are people "likeable" only when they allow themselves to be dominated? I don't like to be dominated, but nor do I wish to dominate.

{}?{}

Do nothing. Time is too precious to waste.

I understand the Buddha and why he left his palace to wander as a beggar.

So many are lost who presume to instruct me on what I "ought" to do.

In Great Britain, a political leader gave a stern warning to all those who see living on government relief as a "lifestyle" choice. So, are people going to be coerced into delivering themselves?

I may not have a penny to my name, but I clearly remember buying beer and Tobacco with pennies when I worked for the State. Penniless and employed!

{ ? }

Isn't it paradoxical how a visit from George
(for coffee) actually lifted my spirits?
His good-nature was shining through.
My worldview seems not only to be
always transforming and adjusting, but it
also is able to contain
contradictory positions.

{ ? }

My neighbor, (next door), "Fred", warned me
that there are many complaints about
the noise level in my apartment,
and that, most likely, the landlord
will be notified. People in
the building were very close to
calling the police last night.
Holy Fuck, that was close.
NO MORE ~~ALSO~~ ALCOHOL!

Maybe I should leave the stereo
receivers in mom's closet.

Now I am "notorious" for
howling at the moon at night.
I do have a tendency to
become violent when drunk. One day,
somebody is going to just shoot me.

901
People shy away from my website because
they don't want to be associated
with me. Is that it?
I have created a persona?

{??}
I haven't felt like eating all day. I guess this
is a sign of depression. I went down
to the ocean to sit near the seagulls -
really soothed me. The ocean has been as
calm as a lake. Amazing to behold!
Tears filled my eyes as I watched a
little Oriental girl playing in the water.
I wonder why I am more
Oriental-like than Occidental even though
I have Northern European ethnicity.
Schopenhauer said that life teaches
us not to want it, and I fully
feel this truth in the core of my Being.
It is a great relief to confess that
I don't understand life at all. I
know I am terrified of police,
disheartened by the apparent absence
of scholars among those in my economic
class, which is "poor", and
basically struggling with a disharmony within me.

I do not claim to offer solutions to our society's problems. Human beings appear quite wretched, and I can attest to my own wretchedness, especially when I witness my behavior when intoxicated. Perhaps I do have serious difficulties with relationships due to some kind of inner imbalance.

I wish I could identify what truly ails me and focus on healing these ailments. It is no wonder no women are attracted to me. Whatever it is I am, it is best not to reproduce it.

Doesn't this make so much sense? If I find life so miserable, why would I have any desire to propagate this "essence"?

Maybe I can begin to make some deep entries in the Book Project - A ~~Spelling~~ Rose of Madness. If I can understand my misery, maybe I will stop blaming the wealthy capitalists of and simply "do my time" being alive... In the meantime, there are so many damaged and dangerous human beings... and I am one of them!

How can one not be effected upon witnessing the
pain, despair, and confusion in
people's faces?

Could the reason why I am drawn to
Schopenhauer be our similarity in temperament?

{ ? }

I am re-reading the novel, We; but I
am also quite interested in R.D.
Laing's The Divided Self.
I would like to understand my
"condition," my "psychosis".

The ordinary circumstances of everyday life
constitute a continual and deadly
threat. I am so self-absorbed,
introverted, and preoccupied with my
intense feelings that interacting with
others is problematic. It
PAINS me to be in close contact
with others. The horror of Being becomes
something we each seem to repress so
as to "act as if everything is OK";
perhaps we are ashamed of how miserable we feel.

Tomorrow I will want to get to the library soon after they open so that I can get back to my apartment before 1PM when I will meet mom. I pray (to what, I don't know) that I will be safe until then.

Σ ? Σ

I may make a note in the one thread about Schopenhauer confessing that I am considering that perhaps I, yes, I - like Schopenhauer - am simply naturally disharmonious ~~and not~~ within. I don't know though. How many countless people are not fortunate enough to even be able to probe their feelings?

I guess I really should be grateful that woman kind is not attracted to the likes of me. Now all I need to do is wither & away and die. Mercy!

I remember Candy (Lashanda?) writing in my notebook how much she hated life - and she is a beautiful Black woman! Proof of Schopenhauer's philosophy?

(so others won't be ashamed of their own miserable lives)

I would like to attempt to express to "the world" (from my website) that I do not present my pessimistic worldview in order to depress others or to "infect" them with "suicidal ideations," but actually in order to comfort others, to let others know that someone feels this way besides them.

If life makes us crazy, we may at least have the dignity of knowing that we are not alone in this predicament. Thinking about the inevitability of our deaths can be quite comforting when all feels like a nightmare.

§ ? §

Reading Laing's The Divided Self this time is proving to convince me that I may in fact really be a "psychotic" as opposed to the average/normal "neurotic".

"Practically any relationship with another person threatens to overwhelm" me. I fear being engulfed by love! So true.

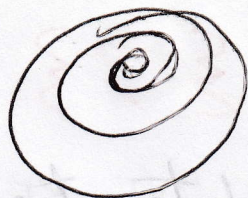
PAINFUL TO ALWAYS BE MISUNDERSTOOD

I wonder if Thalonda Morton has a singular mood disorder as me. When I called her yesterday, she sounded very upbeat, happy, in medical terms, slightly "manic". What a difference from some of her more gloomy moods.

We both feel very deep and intense emotions. No wonder Gail used to say Thalonda and I would be a disaster! Could I finally be becoming wiser?

Σ ? Σ

Now my neighbor Fred is telling me that he wants me to be more quiet, that he often hears me screaming loudly as if I were right there in the room with him... that my voice changes drastically to a deep voice, the personality changes into something fierce, demonic, as though I were possessed by demons. I don't need a psychiatrist, I need an exorcist? Does it matter if we call it demonic possession, bipolar disorder, schizophrenia or psychosis? It is what it is.



20 October 2010
Wednesday

I was able to read through nearly 700 pages of the nearly 2000 page suicide note of Mitchell Heisman. Needless to say, I was a bit taken aback to read about the Roman invasions taking place at 4 BC and the theory that the father of Jesus was a Roman soldier who had raped his mother. What a difference this makes. It almost makes sense.

<<< STICKS & BONES >>>

I told 'em my name was sticks & stones
But the brothers like to call me Sticks & Bones



By this morning, my mother's computer was infected with spyware. She suspected Big Brother was attempting to prevent me from making my way through Heisman's "Suicide Note". Actually, too much went down while visiting my mother - too much to ever be recorded while I sit slugging down a 4K of Z11. Why? Because I will be locked down come Friday



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21 October 2010 Thurs.

If I don't get sentenced to 30 days in jail tomorrow I still want to be careful not to drink alcohol anymore. I drank a 40 of 211 and a 24 of Natural Ice last night. I smoked an entire pack of Winstons and was really screaming all night - and I mean screaming - another psychotic fit!

What is wrong with me?

I was yelling about slaves building pyramids, I was yelling about cannibalism, about how I have to be fed or else I'll kill to eat. Really sick shit.

My last hour on the Internet today before possibly disappearing for the month. What shall I write today?

In the "demonic possession" thread, I may inquire if anyone else has experienced psychotic fits when drinking beer. I may leave my notebook at home and just wing it.

{ ? }

There is a Voice in me which has more bass than the "normal" voice. It is a Professor/Preacher voice. Is it possible that my "writing voice" sometimes speaks aloud and that this is my "orator voice"?

{ ? }

I think I'll carry my backpack today when I head over to the Trinity Church on Asbury Avenue ~~today~~ for the free meal. I will grab what I can. I will get there by 11:30 AM. If I should receive dirty looks, I'll shoot a look right I back.

I'm no longer impressed with the little librarian woman as I see right through her and her ass-picking ways. She gets off on her "position".

{ ? }

I got a little hostile and aggressive when a big dummy on the boardwalk asked me if I was having good conversion. I mimicked his question.

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It actually takes more courage to go on
disability & and suffer the consequences
than to keep licking ass & just to
appear "superior" and "worthy"
to those who have simply had
it and refuse to take it anymore.

Taxpayers, Ha! They also fund the
wars, right? Big dummies!
{ ? }

I am very temperamental today - shot the fuck
out! I not only was talking to
myself along the boardwalk today, but I
have been WIRED all afternoon,
talking to Old Man Harry about all
kinds of subversive stuff.

Harry agrees that the system -
employers, landlords, etc prefer
"stupid" people over intelligent people.
I am not sure what it is I am
going through. There is a rage inside of
me... anger directed in so many directions.

Just my nephew listing the books he's reading:
 Toltec philosophy, Chakras, Self-Healing —
 it irked me. I am extremely irritable
 today. He doesn't seem to have any intentions
 of reading Tolstoy's A Fraction of the Whole.

There is something building below the surface of
 consciousness ready to erupt. It is good I don't
 have access to alcohol. I'm even irritated about
 all my mother's crying about how she needs another
 \$3000 per month to live, how she desperately
 needs a job. It is starting to aggravate me.

Now I am almost certain that the "disturbance"
 is in me. I am really going off the deep end
 like the guy in the film "Network".
 Maybe I am on the verge of suicide.
 Is this irritable condition what
 Dostoevsky was describing about Raskolnikov in
Crime & Punishment? I feel I have to
 hide and isolate from people just to avoid any
 confrontations with others. Where did
 Dostoevsky get his ideas for characters from?
 There are so many similar characters in
 Asbury Park, New Jersey and elsewhere I imagine.

{ ? }

Whatever I am going through, it is very much aggravated by the ignorance of others.

I feel so much hatred for those who perceive me as a "hobo", and yet, am I not a hobo? Perhaps it is how hobos in general are seen as lazy bums instead of as heroes. Children are taught to worship presidents, soldiers, athletes!

Nobody is going to "follow me". At least I take time to speak to and listen to "the wretched of the earth." I have great love for those who endure so much abuse from this system. In a way, I am even Christ-like.

How can we stand to hear "It gets better" when, in reality, life becomes more and more difficult as we age? Life gets harder and harder! - Especially for the elderly who have no resources. I hate the nobles and aristocrats. I hate that the gentle are abused by those with no conscience!

My mother does not worry about what I worry about. She resents not being in the Rich club.



another 9 months. She's done the
math: July 2011 ... And she becomes
enraged when I show indifference.

I agree with the message of the character,
Henry Fool, when he says he was not
designed to walk through shit, when he
refuses to put his "Confessions" out
in public to be poked with a stick.
People mock me behind my back. People
used to mock Schopenhauer. Children would
mock him when he would walk, reciting
his philosophy aloud! Just like me.

Σ 83

RAGE AGAINST STUPIDITY

In Dostoyevsky's The Brothers Karamazov, there is a passage where Fyodor expounds about how he plays the jester, joker, fool, bafoon:

"I always feel when I meet people that I am lower than all, and that they all take me for a bafoon. 'I am not afraid of your opinion, for you are every one of you worse than I am. Let me really play the bafoon'.

That is why I am a bafoon.
It is simply oversensitiveness that makes me Rowdy."

